

Let's Talk Dealing with stress

by Ray Sines
Collegian Staff Writer

STRESS: What is it, what causes it, and how do you get rid of it?

Stress is the way your mind and body react to any situation that's new, threatening or exciting. Needless to say college, in general, can be very stressful. Leaving home, commuting to school, managing finances, living with a roommate, having personal values tested and handling personal problems all raise the level of anxiety -- Let alone mid-term exams and having papers due.

Making a choice about a college major (with a future job in mind) is probably one of the most stressful situations that a college student faces. Students often pick majors based on what others have said or not said.

Little to no experience on the student's part forces the student to put a lot of trust and faith in a counselor. This, itself, becomes extremely stressful. A large percentage of students change their majors (some several times) before their senior year. This is often a direct result of stress in a particular subject. Even a single difficult test often sends a student to the drop/add line.

Learn how to beat **TEST ANXIETY**. First, be prepared. Then, ten minutes before the test begins, use relaxation techniques. Tighten, then relax muscle groups. Clench your fists and arms tightly; relax, then follow the same procedures for muscles in your shoulders, neck, abdomen, legs, etc.

Read the directions carefully, budget your time and mark the difficult items and return to them



later. Be optimistic. Don't allow a disappointing past performance to affect your attitude toward the test at hand.

There are also certain dos and don'ts in bringing the stress level back down. Choose a quiet place of study, learn to manage your time, take breaks, eat right, exercise and recognize your limitations.

Avoid the pitfalls of panic, alcohol, drugs and overwork. It doesn't help to skip classes and then cram later either.

And don't base **YOUR** goals or career on the popularity of a professor/instructor or another student. Keep in mind it's easy to be sold someone else's idea by a slick sales person, but what do you have after you have purchased it?

Don't let your college years distress you. Recognize situations that may cause stress. Develop effective ways to manage stress. And, seek help if you need it.

I (Pastor Sines) offer free counsel every Wednesday morning in the Campus Ministry office. Don't hesitate to come by if you would like to talk.

A Select Few

"Did you see that guy," one moron asks the rest of his cohorts, "he must buy his clothes at a tent shop!" The group laughs together at their latest victim as they walk towards class.

Everyone knows this group of immature kin. There is at least one in every school, public or private. They are the same bullying twits that used to beat up the smart kid in grammar school. The same insensitive idiots that always made fun of the fat girl, the boy with the club foot and the person of another race in high school. The same uncouth losers I thought would never graduate from high school - let alone make it to college.

Unfortunately, a number of these unsavory elements are right here at Behrend. These few get thrills out of laughing at another person because they have a disability, are of a different race or just because they are different from themselves.

At first I thought that this group were just recently out of high school and not yet fully matured. This theory was quickly discredited when I heard the same type of insulting rhetoric emitting from one of the Behrend apartments, facilities which are supposed to house upperclassmen. What I heard shouted out of the apartment fell short of any class.

At first I simply ignored these verbal assaults. I did not want to acknowledge these attacks with a rebuttal, that would only lower myself to their level. I thought since the antics of these illiterate baboons (for I have realized that these vermin are sub-human) did not really bother me, I would simply forget about them. It was not until I witnessed an unmitigated attack of laughter on a person with a walking impediment that I decided to act.

"The pen is mightier than the sword!" I was once told and I figured that this column would be the best way to get my point across.

The fact is that no matter where you are, the number of overweight, physically impaired or simply different people, like myself, will always be greater than the number of "perfect" swine who feel they have to make cruel jokes about us.

I do not give the names of these pristine defecations of society, for they know who they are. I give only advice to my fellow misfits. Take heart, we strongly outnumber them and will inevitably outlast them.

Richard G. Cain
Richard G. Cain

Writer Looks at Election, Media

by Peter Weichlein
Collegian Staff Writer

I'm not a George Bush fan and I don't care about Mike Dukakis too much either (quite a predicament with November 8 being so dangerously close), but when I watched the last debate Mr. Bush actually said something that made sense and impressed me enough to give it another thought. I won't attempt to quote the Vice-President and if you ever catch me doing so, please shoot me. But when asked by one of the panelists whether he would be willing to debate again, since the American public is still in doubt about the candidate's stand on certain issues, innocent little George became quite hostile.

He, in return, answered with an accusation, saying not the candidates but the press was at fault for America's ignorance towards the candidate's politics. This statement

was welcomed by a supportive grunt from Dukakis' corner.

And he has a point. The problem with democracy is that any idiot can get his thoughts publicized (no intended correlation to your's truly), and one therefore has to be very much aware of the fact that the printed word isn't always as true and informative as one would want it to be.

Let's look at Dan Quayle for example. And what a great example he is. Granted, some of his media problems resulted from his complete lack of personality and humor, but the press concentrated for the most part on his sensational traits, namely being in the National Guard during the Vietnam War, and an alleged sexual encounter with infamous ex-lobbyist Paula Parkinson.

Now, while some might consider this good enough information to cast a vote on, I find

this background of Mr. Quayle lacking a bit substance. And I'm sure he would prefer to see more attention being paid to his political side.

PETE'S PERSPECTIVE

But we should have seen it coming. The media's repulsive treatment of our upcoming election started two years ago when so-called "journalists" from Miami staked out Gary Hart's apartment where he was entertaining Donna Rice. Hart was the press' first victim. I just wish Gary Hart would have had more guts. The day his story surfaced he should have met the press. Sure, I slept with her - so what. Does that make him any less of a president than Dukakis or

Bush, Kennedy or Roosevelt? Granted, he still wouldn't have gotten the nomination, but at least he would have taken a stand, stopping this whole movement towards political scandalism dead in its tracks. But he didn't make a stand and we are still being fed rumors disguised as news.

Granted, the American public has the right to know everything concerning the men about to run the country. And the source of this information has obviously to be the mass media system. In recent years however, this public service has been taken to the extreme. We are now at the point where a candidate's sex-life receives more press than his voting record. We are now at a point where politicians spend more time covering their backs rather than fulfilling the duties they have been elected to carry out.

OPINION

Love Rob Back from Russia, with Love

by Rob Prindle

I'm back. You probably remember that last issue I decided to go to Russia to avoid the problems of the United States. Well, I gave the USSR a try, but now I'm back here in Erie.

Let me tell you that it is good to be here. Life in Russia wasn't all it was cracked up to be. I had planned to continue writing my Love Rob column, free from the oppression that I faced here at Behrend. I hoped that the Communist way of life, with all its open-mindedness would gladly welcome my highly insightful thoughts. I thought that the sympathetic Russian government would welcome me as the prophet that I know I am.



As soon as I stepped off the plane, I was greeted by three guys in black polyester suits. They told me that I was to report to Provdva, the official newspaper of the communist party. I arrived at the office and sat down to write my column. I got no farther than typing the title "love Rob" when the editor, who was standing behind me, yelled "stop." He pulled out a back issue of Provdva, opened to page #3 and pointed to a column. There was a picture of the guy who wrote it, he was wearing dark sunglasses and a leather jacket, and the title read: "Love Ivan."

I was shocked. The editor, whose name was Jim Martinovitch,

explained that it just would not do to have two columns named Love. I couldn't argue with that logic, so I called it a day and went home to my new Russian apartment. Imagine my shock when I got to my new place and found seventeen Russian Javelin throwers were my new roommates. They were nice guys, but nice only goes so far, if you know what I mean.

Things eventually got better, though. I soon found a new name for my column and after a few days I had established myself as somewhat of a celebrity.

So my column was a success. I thought that everything was starting to go my way, and then one day I got a knock on my door. It was an angry mob of Soviets, led by fat smoking-women and strange liberal guys. They told me that what I wrote was "trashski." They even went so far as to claim that they had found backward masking of satanic, conservative messages in my column.

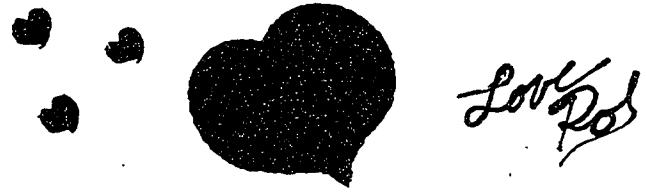
The screaming mob just wouldn't listen to reason. I told them that I was in no way, shape or form a conservative. I may not be completely liberal, but people like George Bush turn my stomach. I told them that I would rather drink warm milk, laced with cat hair and vasoline than vote for a candidate that would outlaw abortion and decrease college funding.

I screamed that I left America because Conservatism and red-necked Republicans were ruining the country. I told them that all I wanted was the chance to move to Russia and live in a country where minorities are not under-represented and lower class people are not the victim of the wealthy few.

The crowd grew quiet and looked at me like I was crazy. One of them approached me and asked me what the heck I was talking about. He told me that Russia wasn't the paradise that I thought it was. He reminded me that there was no David Letterman, no Buffalo style hot wings, no Alf and worst of all no good looking women.

So that's it, now you know why I returned to Erie. The story does have a happy ending, though. I made it back in time to see "The Last Temptation of Christ" at Cinema World before the Bible thumpers booted it out of town. I wish that the protesters would just go in and see the movie. It was great. The film was much more powerful than the wimpy movies like "Jesus of Nazareth" that are shown around Easter. It was immensely interesting, with just a touch of humor. The movie portrayed Jesus as someone worthy of worship.

The movie served as a refreshing reminder that freedom of expression still exists in America.



Wondering Why

by Kevin Trenney
Collegian Staff Writer

As I sit here at my desk, realizing that my Collegian article (this one) is late, serious questions run through my mind.

Why am I here? What do those signs which say "slow children" really mean? What does college attendance have to do with real life? Where did Dukakis get those eyebrows: Were they transplants taken from the forehead of Breshnev? Is Dan Quayle really a senator or is he one of those slow children who escaped from the second grade? Why do we allow New Jersey to dump garbage in our state? What's wrong with the Jersey Shore? How about Boston Harbor? Is George Bush really a closet "Dead-Head?" Like a thousand points of light man, oh wow! My apologies to his speech writers. What are Twinkies really made of? Isn't the shelf life of Twinkies incredible? Who came up with such a stupid name anyway?

Isn't it funny when Heavy Metal fans tell you that your favorite group's music all sounds the same? Is there a heavy metal band which hasn't used the word die at least 1000 times on every album? Does understanding the words really mean anything? Who coined the term "Ho-bag." Was he/she one of the most creative minds of our time or what? (I love it!)

Do snobs keep their noses so high in the air because their polo underwear are too tight thus creating a ripple effect which reaches the nasal area? Why don't their noses bleed (nasal altitude)? Will they Drown when it rains?

What does Color Weather Radar have to do with radio? Could any other town have a radio station which calls playing more pop trash "Better Music." Does Erie really need another "all the pop all the time" station to steal from someone else? Why do we drive on parkways and park in driveways?

Do men realize that alcohol can inhibit them sexually. (My thanks to the party animals for the polyurethane device and the rolled stuff after which the Doobie Brothers were named).

If a "Love Roberta" column would be written by a liberal, feminist woman, would these same people be irate? What's wrong with Love Rob?

What's my major? Should I say liberal arts? Student activities would seem accurate. Why am I one of those S.A.M.'s? Because I like to get memos!

Why do women like groups like "Poison, Bon Jovi, Stryper?"

Because they have no musical talent vocally or instrumentally? Because they look like women who dress in tacky leather and spandex outfits? Do they like men who look like themselves because they never resolve the narcissistic conflicts of early childhood? Would "Worse than the Shore" be a more appropriate title for Bon Jovi's new album. How about "Bad Medicine-Bad Music?"

Why can't we sell Behrend Boxer shorts? Couldn't a group really make money from something like this? Is that so awful? Why do I write trash for the Collegian? Why did all of the "fabulous babes overlook Behrend?" Why don't girls shoot guys who call them "fabulous babes?" Do girls like it when guys say Yo, Babe? If so, do they like it because they sound like Stallone? Can you say Brigitte? Will Letterman create a "top-ten list" which gives the reasons why Robin Givens is divorcing Mike Tyson? Does anyone really care?

Is Disco on its way back? If it does make a comeback, where can I defect to? Is this a more serious reason for defecting than the one given by those other Eric people? What's the price of tea in China? What does the price of tea in China have to do with anything else any way? Why do roommates munch on Doritos when you're trying to take a nap.

How many lives has the Blue Bus Ruined? How many people have been forced to end their college careers because there were little accidents which resulted from Blue Bus Excursions?

Why do I have the pot-belly of a forty year-old? Are the "flower children" of Behrend trying to start a revival? Is this a communistic plot inspired by the Grateful Dead or more likely, Billy and The Boingers? Should I buy some tie-dyes, a stateboard? (something new), Janis Joplin's album and join in the fun.

Did Biff really chuck upwardly! Would this be a good opening line for my new soap opera entitled, "As the Stomach Turns?"

Is it true that Behrend keeps Hammermill paper company in Business? Does P.S. U. truly use more paper than the Federal Government?

Will there be a market for my new book entitled, "Humility and How I Attained it?"

Where am I going with all this? What's the meaning of life? Why are we here? What's the meaning of life? "Does Anybody Really Know What Time It Is? Does anybody really care?"

The Collegian

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